

The Comicall Historie of

There is some ill a bruising towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Master
doth expect your reproach.

Sky. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they have conspired together, I will not say you
shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that
my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at fixe a clocke ith
morning, falling out that yeere on ash wensday was foure yeare in
th'afternoone.

Sky. What are there maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fisse,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Sky. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Ief. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Sky. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-flow in profit, and he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waite
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast finde.
A Proverb: never stale in thriftie minde.

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter

the Merchant

Enter the Masker

Grat. This is the penthouse
Desired us to make stand.

Gra. And it is marvell he
For Lovers ever runne before

Saler. O tenne times faster
To seale Loves bonds new made
To keepe obliged faith unforfe

Gra. That ever holds: wh
With that keene appetite that
Where is the horse that doth
His tedious measures, with th
That he did pace them first:
Are with more spirit chased th
How like a younger, or a prod
The skarfed Barke puts from h
Hugg'd and embraced by the s
How like the Prodigall doth s
With over-weatherd ribbs an
Leane, rent, and begger'd by th

Enter

Saler. Heere comes *Lorenso*

Lor. Sweet friends, your pa
Not I, but my affaires, have m
When you shall please to play
Ile watch as long for you then
Here dwels my Father Jew.

Ief. Who are you? tell me
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe kn

Lor. *Lorenso* and thy Love.

Ief. *Lorenso* certaine, and m
For who love I so much? and i
But you *Lorenso*, whether I an

Lor. Heaven and thy thought

Ief. Here catch this Casker,
I am glad tis night you doe not
For I am much ashamed of my c